A

DIALOGUE

Between

DEATH

AND

Doctor ROBERT WYLD,

Who Dyed lately of an *APOPLEXY*.

D. NO *Roring* Chriſtmas ſhalt Thou keep, now *Rore*
Bold Wit! *W.* Oh! oh! Hhohh! Well! I'le cry no more,
Alas, it is for *Thee*, not *Me*, to *Rore*.
A *Deadly* Blow! But where's thy *Sting*? There lies
The *King* of *Terrors cow'd* out! In Sacrifice
(An *Euchariſt*) *Lord*, take this *Soul* to Thee,
By *Death* Thou haſt *ſlain Death*, *Redeemed* Me.
Grave, take the *Carcaſs*, at the *reck'ning* Day
With *Intereſt* the *Principal* repay.
Take *Worms meat* (they'l ſcarce lick the *puncked* Face,)
Bring't up in *Glory*, though ſown in *Diſgrace*,
In never-fading *Beauty* it ſhall riſe,
And be tranſplanted int' yon Paradiſe.)
They'l *Digg* the *Kernels* out (the *Eyes*) Digg on!
One *Breakfaſt* makes the Head a *Skeleton*.
They'l *teaſe* the Hands, and Toes, and Paunch (their Fence)
Intolerable *Pains*, have *numb'd* all Senſe.
'Twas not *Seer Sheldon*, when he turn'd *Me* out,
Did Me perplex; no, it was *Biſhop Gout*.
Death did me *vex* and *terrifie* much leſs,
I'le now be gone out of his *Dioceſs*.
I *con* you Thanks. *Biſh. Gout* proceeded on,
You granted me a *Prohibition*.
Adieu, my Lord. *D.* I'm but a *Purſivant*,
To th' Court you to conduct, by *Heaven* ſent.

W. I liv'd a *Martyr* all my Dayes, now I,
In flaming Spices, like a *Phœnix*, Dy.
My *Heart* bleeds for the *Church* and *State*, I faint,
Take of my *Cordial*, Surviving *Saint*.
Proud *Babel* Reels, it Totters, it will *Fall*,
As ſure as *Lambeth* ſtands againſt *White-Hall*.
Come *Seraphims*, and bear this Soul above,
Impatient to ſee her *Vines*, her *Love*.
One Stroke, with all the *Cluſters*, Lop'd the *Vine*,
One *chop'd* off *Love*. Ha, ha! their Lot is *Mine*.
They were ſo quick at Work, their *Maſter's Voice*
Soon call'd them off; *Into your Maſter's Joyes*.
More *Bleſſed Sight* I'le ſee, ('Twill ſatisfie)
The *Glorious*, *Ever-bleſſed Trinity*.
Whom I *Ador'd* and *Lov'd* ſometimes, *Him* I
For *ev'r* will *Love*, *Admire*, and *Glorifie*;
So, ſo, I'll ſpend a Bleſt Eternity,
In everlaſting Love, Delights and Joy.
Hal--Le--Lu--Jah.

Alas! *Poor Scholar*, haſt thou felt the Stroke
Of matchleſs Death? Are all thine *Heart-ſtrings* broke?
Who'l ſing thine *Iter Empyræum*? I
After thy *Blood-ſuck* ſend this *Hue* and *Cry*.
Great *Wyld* is ſlain! *Slain*! Let this Shreek fly round
Till Hills, and Dales, and Rocks, and Shores rebound,
Unto *Pale Pyrene*, and from thence go on
Over *Parnaſſus* unto *Helicon*.
Raiſe up the *ſluggiſh Siſters*, *Three* times *Three*,
In Lamentations Drop *one* Elegie.
Streams Ever-flowing from each Muſes Eye
May *Spring* a *Fountain*, now their *Well* is *Dry*.
Tagus and *Ganges* will aſtoniſh'd be,
And all th' *Antipodes* as well as We.
Who ſlew the Muſes Darling, of Mankind
The *Choice Delights*? Search out until you find.
Who was't *kill'd* the *Divine*? Who *ſlew* the *Poet*?

Eccho. Eat! What Nimble Chaps, what *Cormorant* was he
Could *eat* up *Wyld*? Might not he *poyſon'd* be?
Who *poyſon'd Wild*? *Wakeman* with all his *Main*
Could not get Sacred *Charles* out of his *Wain*.
He pawn'd his *Skill*, though *Juſtice* might not *ſpy*,
A *Plaiſter* to the *Fiſt* affects the *Eye*.
'Twas *Death* (that *Jeſuit*) ſo greedy grown
It *chapt* up *Robert*, and let *George* alone.
Rome's Emiſſary *Leeches*, ſo fine *bred*,
Won't touch *Poſteriors*, they chap at th' *Head*.

AN EPITAPH.

HEre lies Poor Robin, *moſt enriched one*
With Nature's *Dowre*, Graces *large Portion*.
Nature *brought* Reaſon, Prudence, Eloquence,
And Magnanimity, Munificence,
Courage *and* Conſtancy, *and Matchleſs* Wit.

Grace *Him adorn'd with* Faith, *and* Hope, *and* Love,
That Saints below he might excell, above
With Patience, *in none admired more*;
Nature *and* Grace *on him laid out their Store*.
Rome's *Plot to ſtrangle* Juſtice *in* Godfrey,
Hell's *was*; *in* Wild, *to choak* Divinity.
Here lies the Poet, *here lies* Poetry,
Here's the Divine, *here lies* Divinity.

Ah Fools! *an inexhauſted* Spring *doth Lye*,
Juſtice *in* Charles, *in* God, Theology.

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